BARTA • RICE • MILLET • BROWNE • ELDER
KOCHALKA • SIMKO • LANGRIDGE

IDW

ONE-SHOT

SUGGESTED FOR IMMATURE READERS 13+

GARBAGE PAIL KIDS®

GROSS ENCOUNTERS OF THE TURD KIND

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HILARY BARFIN' BARTA
DOUG SLUG RICE
JASON BASIN MILLET
FRYIN' RYAN BROWNE

ANDREW SPEW ELDER
JOLTIN' JOE SIMKO
JAMES FLAMES KOCHALKA
JOLLY ROGER LANGRIDGE

ADDITIONAL LETTERING
Shorned SHAWN LEE
EDITS
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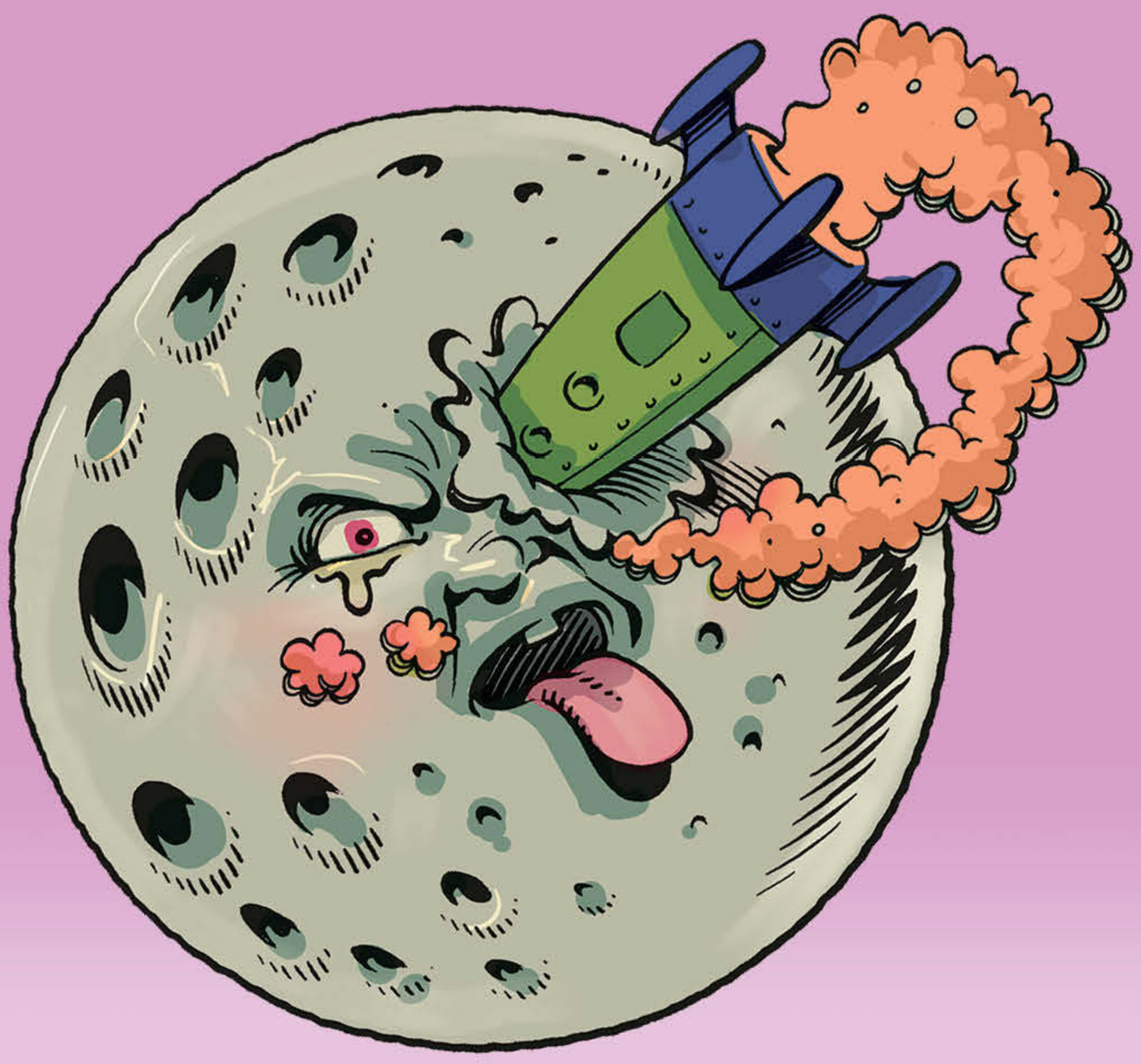

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MARS ATTACKS® GARBAGE PAIL KIDS®

PLANET EARTH, OVERRUN!!

HUMANITY, OVERWHELMED!!

CAPTION COPY, OVERBLOWN!!

EXCLAMATION POINTS, OVERUSED!!!

HOW DO YOU LIKE HAVING *YOUR* BRAINS ON THE OUTSIDE?!

BUT DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP. THIS REST OF THE STORY WON'T BE ANYWHERE NEAR THIS EXCITING. NOT FROM THE LIKES OF...

STORY AND ART
HILARY BARFIN' **BARTA**
STORY AND FART
DOUG SLUG **RICE**
COLORS
JASON BASIN **MILLET**
LETTERS
SHORNED **SHAWN LEE**
EDITS
DENNY SAUR **TIPTON**

OUR GRIPPING SAGA STARTS IN A SETTING WHERE A LOT OF GRIPPING TAKES PLACE—LOVER'S LANE, USA.

OH, ROD, *YES!* I'M GETTING SO *HOT*.

FINALLY!

SCENIC VISTA provided by RUSTY JUNCTION GARBAGE DUMP

WAIT— *I'M* GETTING HOT, TOO.

TOO HOT!

IT BURNS! MOMMA WAS RIGHT—I SHOULD HAVE WAITED!

IT BURNS! DADDY WAS RIGHT—I SHOULD HAVE WORN A CONDOM!

YAAAAAHHH!!!

AND JUST OUTSIDE THE DUMP BELOW...

HURRY UP, MAN. I CAN'T GET CAUGHT RED-HANDED AGAIN.

KEEP OUT OF MY BUT

SPRAY IT, DON'T SAY IT

OH, *CRAP!*

KEEP OUT OF MY BUT

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BOTH RED-HANDED.

T-THAT ≥ACK≤ JOKE IS—*URGH!*—KILLING ME!

THE NOISE INTERRUPTS THE BOOZING OF THE DUMP'S NIGHT WATCHMAN.

DARN KIDS! =HIC= PROBABLY SNIFFIN' THEM BURNIN' TIRES AGAIN...

XXX

NUTHIN' LIKE A LI'L MOONSHINE TO WARM UP YER INSIDES.

MEANWHILE, A NEARBY RESIDENT IS TAKING HIS POOCH TO THE DUMP FOR ITS NIGHTLY... ER... *DUMP*.

EASY, CUJO.

GRRR!

EEEEK!

A MONSTER!

YAP! YAP!

HEH, HEH... I GET IT.

WE'RE ***BOTH*** ALIENS TO ONE ANOTHER... YOU SEE ***ME*** AS A SCARY MONSTER, ***TOO***.

YAP! YAP!

NOT ***YOU***, YOU IDIOT—YOUR ***DOG***.

NOW ***THAT*** WAS A MONSTER!

...WHERE TROOPS HAVE BEEN DEPLOYED, AND, WE'RE TOLD, HAVE THE ALIEN INVASION WELL IN-HAND.

TREVOR?

WOMEN'S LIB = LIB-ERAL

POX NEWS

BRONX ZOO: 1ST TALKING MONKEY DENIES THEORY OF EVOLUTION...

THANKS, WENDY.

AND WE CAN THANK OUR TROOPS THAT THESE ILLEGAL ALIENS WILL SOON BE ROUNDED UP AND SENT BACK TO WHERE THEY CAME FROM...

...THUS SAVING VITAL AMERICAN GARBAGE DUMP JOBS FOR, UH... DUMPY AMERICANS.

POX NEWS

CTICA: FOUR PENGUINS BELIEVED RESPONSIBLE FOR CLIMATE CHANGE HOAX

MEANWHILE, THE TROOPS ARE BEING... UM... DUMPED ON.

THOSE MARTIANS HAVE LAUNCHED QUITE AN OFFENSIVE!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S OFFENSIVE— THOSE ARE *OUR* MISSILES!

GENERAL! OUR HEAT-SEEKING MISSILES ARE HITTING OUR OWN TROOPS!

WHAT?!

ARMY BRAT

THEN... ***WE*** MUST BE THE ONLY WARM-BLOODED BEINGS HERE... AND THE ***MARTIANS*** ARE... COLD-BLOODED KILLERS!

NO, IT MEANS YOU'RE ATTACKING THE WRONG DUMP, SIR!

THE MARTIANS AIN'T IN THIS ONE, GENERAL. THEY'RE AT THE ***OTHER*** DUMP.

EVENTUALLY, AT THE CORRECT DUMP...

FOLLOW ME, MEN! IT'S KILL AND BE KILLED...

"OR," SIR. **OR** BE KILLED.

DON'T YOU POOP ON MY PARADE, MAJOR.

WAIT!
THEY DON'T MEAN US ANY HARM!
WHAT? DIDN'T YOU SEE THAT AWFUL SPLASH PAGE, BOY?!
YEAH, I DID! DIDN'T YOU READ THOSE AWFUL CAPTIONS, SIR?
UNDER ARM-Y
THE MARTIANS ONLY ATTACKED WHEN WE THREATENED THEIR FOOD SUPPLY— ALL OUR *GARBAGE!* LOOK!
THEY'RE SO *SKINNY* AN' *MEAN* 'CAUSE THEY'RE *STARVING!*
CHOMP!
NIBBLE!
NOSH!
SNARF!
IT TURNS OUT THE MARTIANS WEREN'T COLD-BLOODED KILLERS... THEY WERE POOR, UNFORTUNATE, MISUNDERSTOOD COLD-BLOODED KILLERS.
AND SO THE MARTIANS BECAME EARTH'S "GARBAGE MEN."
MUNDT DISPOSAL
THEY DIDN'T WANT TO EAT THE GARBAGE PAIL KIDS, THEY JUST WANTED TO EAT THEIR *GARBAGE*.
APPARENTLY, THERE REALLY *IS* NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE. THE FACT THAT YOU BOUGHT THIS COMIC BOOK PROVES THAT.
THE END

THE U.S.S. TOILET BOWL SWIRLS THROUGH THE GALAXY!

ON BOARD, A TENSE MEETING OF LIFE OR DEATH ENSUES, THREATENING TO TURN THE GARBAGY CREWMEMBERS AGAINST ONE ANOTHER!

THE WINDS OF CHANGE!

CRAPPED OUT BY
FRYIN' RYAN BROWNE
POLISHED BY
ANDREW SPEW ELDER
FLUSHED BY
SHORNED SHAWN LEE

ALL RIGHT! LET'S BEGIN!

SIR, THERE HAS TO BE ANOTHER WAY!

QUIET, NUMBER TWO! ONE OF THESE DISGUSTING CREWMEMBERS IS HOST TO AN ALIEN LIFE FORM!

IF THERE IS SOME WHIFF OF ALIEN SCUM ON THIS SHIP, I WON'T REST UNTIL I SNIFF IT OUT!

BUT, SIR!

THERE HAS GOT TO BE ANOTHER WAY TO DETECT THE ALIEN LIFE FORM!

CAN'T WE JUST DO A BLOOD TEST OR SOMETHING?

DO YOU THINK I LIKE DOING IT THIS WAY?! THERE IS NO OTHER OPTION!

PREPARE THE CREW!

OUTRAGE!

AND SO...

!

ALL RIGHT, SEAMAN *ALIEN IAN*. YOU SWEAR THAT YOU AREN'T INHABITED BY A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN LIFE FORM?

N-NO, SIR.

OKAY. LET THE TEST BEGIN.

READY WHEN YOU ARE.

GRUNT!

PHART!

FFFFF!

SSS

HMM. ALL RIGHT, YOU PASS, SEAMAN. YOU AREN'T AN ALIEN IN DISGUISE.

NEXT CREWMEMBER!

@$#$ GAS!

NO ALIEN LIFE FORM HERE...

...OR HERE...

BRRAP!

AH, YES. YOU ARE ALL CLEAR, SEAMAN TEE-VEE STEVIE.

POOT!

FAN!

I MUST PERSEVERE. THERE'S GOT TO BE AN ALIEN SOMEWHERE!

INHALE!

I'M SORRY, SIR!

SINGE!

COME NOW, PETTY OFFICER SLOBBY ROBBIE!

IF YOU DON'T FART IN MY FACE, WE WILL ALL KNOW THAT *YOU* ARE THE ALIEN ON BOARD!

I-I'M TRYIN'!

GRUNT!

CANDY

GASP!

CRAP-CIDENT!

STINK LINES!

SPEW!

SEAMAN ***WINDY WINSTON!*** YOU ARE THE FINAL CREWMEMBER THAT I MUST PERSONALLY TEST! PREPARE TO FART DIRECTLY INTO MY FACE!

Y-YES, CAPTAIN.

YES...

BLOW!

BOOM!

YOU'RE CLEAN! I'VE TESTED EVERYONE ON BOARD AND YET I HAVE DETECTED NO ALIEN PRESENCE!

EVERYONE BUT...

SIR, MAYBE YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN...

...ME! I MUST BE THE ALIEN ON BOARD!

SIR?

SHAKE!

FOLLOW ME TO THE SPACE-MISSILE TUBE, ***POTTY!*** I MUST BE JETTISONED INTO SPACE!

THUSLY:

JETTISON!

WOW. THE CAPTAIN WAS AN ALIEN ALL ALONG?

MUTATE!

I GUESS SO—OR MAYBE THERE WAS NEVER AN ALIEN ON BOARD IN THE FIRST PLACE?

THE END

JOE BLOW VS. THE ROY BOTS

BY JAMES KOCHALKA

Ha ha!

CURSES TO YOU AND YOUR GUM-BUBBLES, JOE BLOW!

IN YOUR FACE, Roy Bot DWEEBS! Now you'll NEVER conquer Earth!

WE MUST LEARN SECRET OF GUM. INITIATING SCAN...

Hey!

DEE DEE DEE!

Cut it out!

No!

TRANSMITTING DATA TO ROY BOT BASE ON THE MOON.

That's MY data!

It's PRIVATE.

DOO DOO DOO!

SOON

Ooh! A visitor! What's your name?

I'm LONE LEE!

Cool story BRO.

You should post it on YOUR BLOG.

But but but...

EXACTLY! Time to kick ROY BOT BUTT, on the MOON!

Alright, moon nerds! I challenge you to a BUBBLE GUM BLOW-OUT!

PREPARE TO MEET ALL YOUR DOOM, JOE BLOW!

Ack! It's ME!

The Roy Bots built a copy based on my private data!

No fair!

Well, the ORIGINAL is still the BEST!

Watch this!

pfff

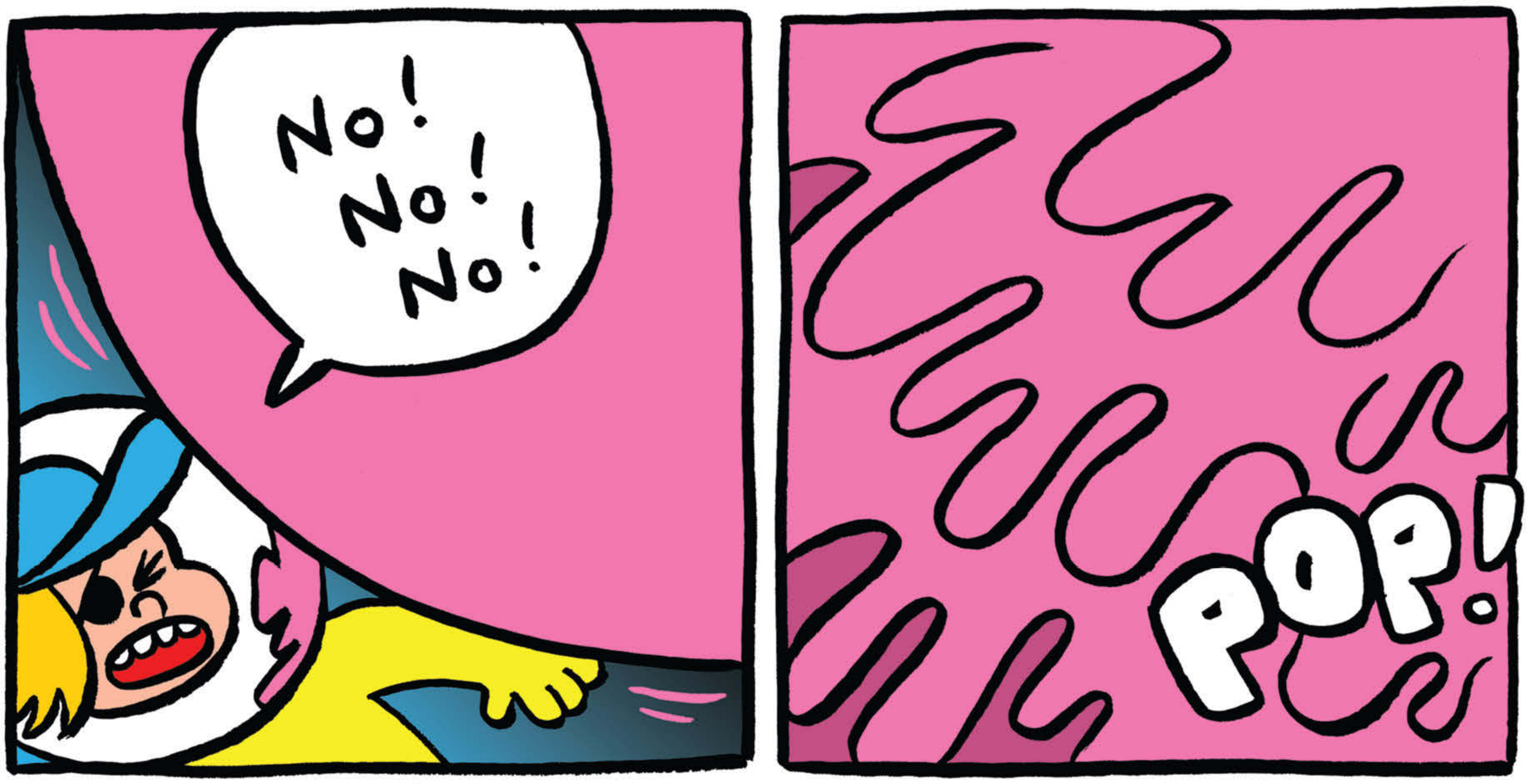
POP!

Oops! I forgot about the space suit!

pfff!

HA HA HA HA! ROY BOT WILL EXPERIENCE VICTORY!

Aahh!


No!
No!
No!
POP!

ZZZT! GUM MALFUNCTION!
Ha ha! Joe Blow WINS AGAIN!
I knew that I would!
And I helped, Right?
THE END

INVASION OF THE BODY SNOTTERS

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
JOE SIMKO

RED ALERT! EVERYONE TAKE COVER!

DANGER APPROACHING! MAN YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!

WHY THE URGENT WARNING? ARE WE UNDER AN ALIEN INVASION?

NO. JUST ANOTHER GPK COMIC IS ABOUT TO START.

DYNAMITE

JELLY BEANS

DENT OF THE UNITE

GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS. WE ARE THE BODY SNOTTERS. *JOIN US!*

WE'VE COME HERE TO SNEEZE AND SMEAR SNOT ON TISSUES.

AND WE'RE ALL OUT OF TISSUES!

ACHOO!

OH NO! LIBERTY LIBBY HAS BEEN SNOTTED!

I ♥ NY

ACHOO!

OH NO! THE GREAT SPHINX HAS BEEN SNOTTED!

ACHOO!

ACHOO!

OH NO! MOUNT RUSHMORE HAS BEEN SNOTTED!

WHO CARES ABOUT ALL THAT?! MY 1-OF-1 PRISM SUPER-REFRACTOR ADAM BOMB CARD HAS BEEN SNOTTED!

GIVE IT TO ME. I CAN MAKE MILLIONS. IT'LL BE THE FIRST BODILY-FLUID-TEXTURED RELIC CARD!

Slopps

END

Joe Simko

THE STELLAR ADVENTURES OF INTER STELLA

with her pal, RUSTY BOLTS

DISASTER! WOE! STELLA AND RUSTY ARE SURROUNDED BY GRUBBY WEE BEASTIES, MAROONED WITH **NO ROCKET FUEL**... AND **NO HOPE OF ESCAPE!** BUT HOW DID SUCH A DIRE SITUATION COME TO PASS? WHAT BROUGHT OUR HEROES TO THE **FOUL, BRACKISH BACK-WATER** THAT IS...

HROARK! THE SMELL OF THIS PLANET MAKES ME WANT TO **HURL!**

PLAUGH! ME TOO -- AND THAT TAKES **SOME DOING!**

THE BROWN PLANET

BY JOLLY ROGER LANGRIDGE
COLORS BY ANDREW SPEW ELDER

OUR STORY BEGINS A FEW HOURS EARLIER AS STELLA AND RUSTY RETURN FROM A TRADE MISSION TO THE **BEANSTAR**...

JUST TWO MORE PARSECS UNTIL WE REACH THE WARP GATE -- THEN IT'S ***STRAIGHT HOME!***

THANK GROTT! ONE MORE TIN OF ***BEANS*** AND I SWEAR I'LL ***CHUCK*** RIGHT IN MY HELMET.

AWK! ***MAYBE NOT!*** THIS OLD HEAP HAS BEEN DYING SINCE THAT ***METEOR STORM***. NUMBER ONE ENGINE IS -- ***GONE!!*** ALL WE HAVE LEFT IS... OLD ***NUMBER TWO!***

DUN-DUN-***DUUUNNN!***

DON'T DO THAT.

SORRY.

JUST ONE CHANCE -- WE CAN TRY AND LAND ON THE **NEAREST PLANET** AND GET **HELP!**

NEAREST PLANET...? NOT -- **CITRUS VI**, THE **ORANGE PLANET?**

NOPE.

YOU MEAN -- **SNOTTICUS MAJOR**, THE **GREEN PLANET?**

NOT EVEN CLOSE.

I MEAN **KAKAVARIUS... THE BROWN PLANET!**

KLORGH!

DIS-*GUSTING.*

WE GOT PLENTY **MORE** TROUBLE, BOLT-BUTT... **LOOK!**

THEY SEEM SO **ANGRY!** ARE WE STANDING ON THEIR **SACRED BURIAL GROUND** OR SOMETHING?

WORSE... I THINK WE'RE STANDING IN -- **THEIR DINNER!**

OKAY, RUSTY -- **GET 'EM!!**

YEAH! I -- WHAT? **ME?**

BASIC *CAPTAIN-ROBOT* DYNAMIC... YOU'RE THERE TO DO THE **DIRTY WORK.**

AWK! DIRTY IS RIGHT! I KNEW I SHOULDA BECOME A **TOASTER** LIKE MAMA SAID!

WHAT ARE **YOU** DOING, STELLA?

SPLORT

SPLUDGE

SPLORCH

IMPORTANT **CAPTAIN STUFF** -- NAMELY, LOOKING UP THE **PROTOCOL** FOR THIS SITUATION. IT SEEMS TO BE EITHER **HONORABLE SUICIDE** OR --

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! **"ESCAPE CAPSULE?"**

AARGH

OOF

EEK

CAPTAIN'S MANUAL

DID YOU JUST SAY WHAT I THINK I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT?

I... HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU JUST SAID. BUT **YES!** THERE'S AN ESCAPE CAPSULE -- AND IT RUNS ON **METHANE!**

DO WE **HAVE** ANY METHANE?

NOT ON BOARD -- BUT GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES AND I CAN HOOK US UP TO AN **INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY!**

YOU **CAN?** GEE! IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO **STAY HERE** AND FIGHT THE --

AH.

CAPTAIN'S MANUAL

HIT 'EM IN THE FLAGELLUM -- THAT'S WHERE IT **REALLY** HURTS!

EEK

OOF

ORK

ECK

AARGH

GETTING... WEARY... HOPE RUSTY.. GETS IT SORTED OUT... SOON...

NO USE... I'M GONNA --

YAWP!

RUSTY! ARE WE READY TO GO?

JUST ABOUT! I'VE ADAPTED THE **FUEL HOSE** OF THE ESCAPE CAPSULE... NOW I JUST NEED TO HOOK IT UP TO --

-- THE SUPPLY!

YOW!

SPLORK

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE **DOING?! HANDS OFF THE TUSH, MOOSH!**

REMEMBER THAT SUPPLY OF METHANE I MENTIONED? WELL...

... **OPEN WIDE.**

OH. OH NO. NO NO NO NO NO.

OR WE COULD STAY **HERE**. OF COURSE, BEING **METAL**, I'LL BE **FINE**, BUT...

BEANS

METAL OR NOT -- YOU'RE A **RAT!**

÷gulp÷ TH-THEY'RE **WORKING!** I CAN FEEL THAT **TELL-TALE RUMBLE** CREEPING UP ON ME...

WE HAVE BLAST-OFF!

YOU AIN'T **KIDDING**, BROTHER! THIS ASTRONAUT SUIT WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN...

BLORT!

AND SO OUR HEROES LIVE TO FART ANOTHER DAY! ... WILL THEY EVER BE WELCOME ON THE **BROWN PLANET** AGAIN? ONLY TIME WILL TE

÷koff koff÷ **NO!!**

THE END